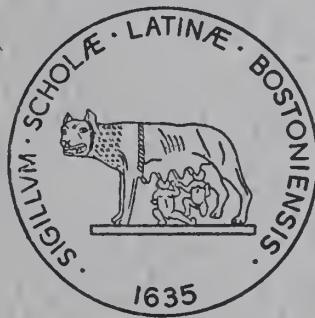


LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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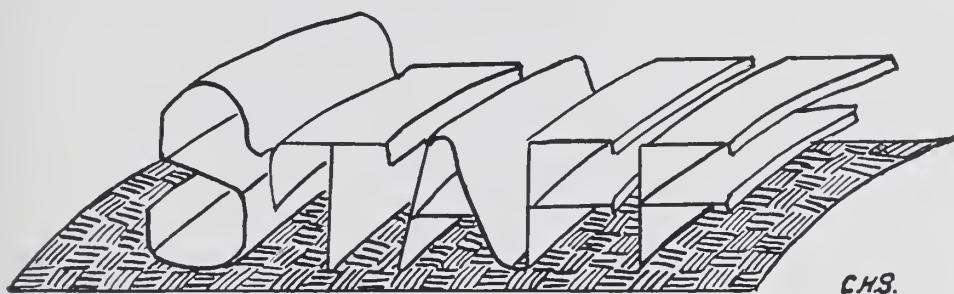
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BOOKS

When the word BOOK is mentioned, what do you think of? Some musty old volume which you have been assigned to read for a report, or some dry text-book which you detest. If your first thought was either of these, you are not a true book-lover.

The reading of a book for such a report need not be a tedious task, but can be transformed into real enjoyment. Some people declare that all the books by the really worthwhile authors are dull and uninteresting; but this statement is usually the outburst of the illiterate who probably has never read past the first ten pages of a really good book. For who could say they are uninteresting who has read any of the works of Shakespeare, Dumas, Chaucer, Dickens, Scott, Poe, Bunyan, and multitudinous others?

Books are the very essence of civilization. In them our daily lives are reflected. It is through their medium that man has recorded his history, culture, civilization, and education. But what qualities has a book that keeps a reader up till the wee hours of the morning? What is it in the writings of the great

authors that has kept their works from falling into the abyss of oblivion? Behind them must be something stronger than an entertaining plot. This mysterious intangible is what gives the book its peculiar flavor or individuality.

One of the most useful activities in our lives is reading; for reading opens up to us new doors of knowledge. Recorded in books is the story of the progress of the human race. Through books one may travel from the dark impenetrable jungles of darkest Africa to the wind-swept icelands of the frozen Arctic. Of this mode of globe-trotting Keats writes:—

“Much have I travell'd in realms
of gold,
And many goodly states and
kingdoms seen.”

Through good reading we greatly increase our knowledge of people. We learn more intimately how people speak and think, and gain an insight into the actions and motives of humanity.

A great book is a gift of the gods to aspiring man.

SOCIAL HOMEOSTASIS

In the realm of physiology and psychology there is the term *homeostasis*, which refers to the condition of concord or harmony in which the organs of our body work. Between the heart and the lungs, the liver and the kidneys, we find no signs of strife or competition. Each reserves for itself its own distinct functions, while still dependent upon the others for its unimpaired existence. It is this state of biological equilibrium which permits us to turn our attention to matters other than the mere preservation of our physical selves.

Man, however, proceeds to seek out his fellow-creature, quarrel with him, fight with him, and as climax, to kill him. Some call this behavior basic human nature, and fatalistically we must ever look forward to strife and bloodshed.

Such an outlook, however, is very dangerous, from the point of view of both philosophy and scientific knowledge. Let us try to effect, through greater tolerance and broader education, a state of social *homeostasis* in which we shall be happy and proud to live.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Note:—Any similarity with persons living or dead is purely accidental.

"Glamor Boy Slated for Harvard Visit Friday! Caveman's physique astounds professors. College anthropologists have field day measuring prodigious wrestler whose physical make-up is said to be amazingly like a Neanderthal Man. Professor Richardson of Harvard due to examine monster at two o'clock. The world-famed authority on anthropological phenomena was quoted as saying that this prehistoric specimen—"

A grinning Glamor Boy set aside the paper. Two more newspaper clippings were to be added to an already bulging scrap-book. One depicted him sitting placidly on a groaning antagonist and was entitled; "Another Sparring Partner Bites the Dust." The other was a lithograph of himself grinning toothily into the camera. His massive expanse of chest swelled, and his grin spread from ear to ear. It was not everyone who was invited to be a special guest of honor by a famed Harvard scientist.

Promptly at two o'clock, he was timidly knocking on a glass door at the Psychosis Building. At each timid knocked bits of glass from a pane labeled "Prof. Chas. Richardson, M.A., LL.D." would splinter into fragments and fall to the floor with a clatter. The door was opened by a little, bald, reddish man. Pleasantly smiling, he inquired: "Mr. Glamor Boy, I presume?" Glamor Boy removed his hat and said sheepishly: "My friends call me Alvin."

"Of course, Alvin. You may call me 'Dickie' if you wish. Come right in and shut the door." Alvin came right in and shut the door, whereupon the remaining sliver of glass trembled and disappeared.

"That's not a very strong door you've

got there, Professor," volunteered Alvin. "Oh, that's all right. We were going to get a new one, anyway. Sit down, Alvin. We're going to have a nice, quiet afternoon. First we'll play a game."

Confidently, the professor seized a little red hammer that was on the desk and hit Alvin skillfully on the knee-cap. Playfully grabbing the hammer, Alvin grinned and announced: "Now it's my turn." Richardson paled and started for the door. But it was too late. The hammer sort of pushed out and the professor grunted and spat out a tooth.

"Gosh, I didn't hurt you, did I?" inquired Alvin innocently.

"Oh, no. I have thirty-one teeth left, anyway." He smiled painfully and decided to be more cautious in the future.

After he had calmed down a bit, the professor showed Alvin a little colored wheel attached to a motor. "Now, Alvin, I want you to concentrate on this wheel. I want you to keep looking at it and then tell me what colors you see." He flicked off the lights, pulled down the shades, and pressed a button. A continuous, monotonous buzz filled the air as the wheel turned. Five minutes later, Richardson whispered in his best persuasive tone: "Alvin, what do you see?" No answer. "Alvin! Alvin, for heaven's sakes, tell me what you see!" No answer. The lights flicked on. Snoring peacefully, Alvin was sitting against the desk, sound asleep. Richardson sighed, and, keeping carefully out of the reach of Alvin's arms, prodded him.

"I guess I fell asleep."

"I guess you did."

Beginning to grow tired of the afternoon, the professor announced that Alvin was probably hungry and that he, Richardson, would get something for

them to eat.

A few minutes later, the professor reappeared at the door, carrying a large tray. Alvin's spirit of chivalry was aroused. Should he allow an underweight little man to carry a heavy load like that? No, decidedly, he should not. A chair, the telephone, and two ashtrays overturned as Alvin leaped up and tugged heroically at the tray. The professor was beginning to be frightened. "No," he stammered, "please, I'll carry it."

"Well, all right, professor, you take it," letting go suddenly—so suddenly, as a matter of fact, that Richardson lost his footing and fell in a shower of teacups and sponge cake.

Richardson felt he had to get rid of this monster. With a remarkable

attempt at nonchalance, he looked at his watch. "Good Lord, 3:30! I'm late for the conference. Sorry you have to leave so soon, Alvin. You must come again some time."

"I'll go to the conference, too," said Alvin. Richardson pleaded.

"Oh, it's all right. I haven't anything special to do," continued the Glamor Boy.

It was then that Richardson broke down. His voice sounded so strange that Alvin was startled. He looked intently at the professor for a minute and then edged warily for the door. You could never tell when they might become violent.

STANLEY MILLER, '41.

OF AN EVENING

I

"If it were New Year's Eve," thought Alfred. "they would all be happy. Why do they arbitrarily choose that day to be happy? Wouldn't it be fun now if everyone decided to let go again? People would know each other. Flowing in and out of this intersection, they would halt the cars, careless of the worried drivers, stepping anywhere with the thought: 'They'll stop. They won't kill me. They'd find it too embarrassing.' But now if I should hail these honest folk, and slap them on the back, and shout, they'd stare, look twice, and hurry on without reply, or some would even be offended, not caring how sheepish they might make me feel. If it's so much fun, let's celebrate it oftener. Let's all be pals. You have to go to work tomorrow?"

"Only two months ago I passed by here with Iris. All the colors were passing. Many girls were going to the next place, carefully followed by their eager escorts, quite attractive. Everyone was double, even I."

Alfred lifted another crumby sandwich from his pocket and chewed with both hands grasping. "Twould be tougher if it had some meat in it. Iris had some meat on her plate. Should have taken it. That might have made her mad. 'Twas awful hard to get her mad. Some women stand an awful lot. Maybe they're noble. It took a lot of work to get her mad tonight. She seemed far from it when we first went in the restaurant. Earlier when we were alone, she must have thought it teasing. I'm afraid she was amused, not angry. I guess she thought I expected her to endure it with a sense of humor. She probably felt obliged to. It took all those staring people in the restaurant to make her finally leave me. I'd been seeing her often for months. At first, whenever I had nothing to do, I thought of her; but when it got so that I thought of her anyway, then it became intolerable. I knew that I couldn't resist her. I could only make her resist me. I hope she's so mad now that she won't let me in when I come back. I won't come

back. I'll go away so far that on the way back I'll get so tired I'll have to stop. That's how I'll fix her.

"I fixed that slot machine, too. As soon as the waitress had taken away the menus, she said: 'I want a nickel, Alfred;' then used her own to spite my refusal. There was no music. It didn't work until two tramps put a nickel in the machine up front. Then it played 'Blue Rocking Chair.' Oh, horrors! What did those two want that 'Rocking Chair' for? Both were smoking cigarettes as if by condescension only. The large one talked loudly with his thick lips, anxious that we all grasp that he was a regular racketeer. 'What's this, an invasion?' I said aloud. His satellite made less noise. From his size one had the impression that a large noise would be an incongruity. 'In fact, if he were my caddy, my bag of clubs slung on his shoulder would drag its end on the ground,' I explained to Iris. 'And what's in the bag you brought with you?' she asked. It brought my attention back to my purposes. 'Yes, it's a loaf of bread,' I answered, pulling it forth. Then I determinedly set about making sandwiches. People stared. I put butter in them. Maybe I was being mean. Then I used miscellaneous items from my plate. Was it hurting her? Well, it's her own fault. She's been making me think too much of her. The restaurant was staring at us. She was reproaching me as I deliberately stuffed the unwrapped sandwiches in my pockets. I won't listen. She might persuade me that I respect her too much. I fixed that slot machine with my screwdriver. 'Do you carry a blow torch with you, too?' she inquired peevishly. I lined up on the table all the pieces of the machine, stacking up the nickels that were already in it. They ran all the way from 1903 to 1932. I put the 1932 on top. Iris had quietly put on her coat and walked off with dignity before I got the gadget together again."

Alfred has a genius for machines. It's a pity that such talent hasn't been applied. But maybe something will come of it. Alfred was stirred from his reminiscent thoughts by the sound of running feet. His body became alert as if he intended to pursue them, but immediately relaxing, he merely took out a sandwich, continued his way, and finally arrived in front of an old building.

II

Alfred's traveling bag needed a new zipper; so that morning he had left it with the leather-goods man to be repaired. Alfred entered the old wooden building, inhaled the odor of paints and varnishes from the shop on the street-level, ascended the noisy stairs, opened a glass-paneled door to the tune of an automatically ringing bell, and found himself in a forest of high-piled suitcases, valises, and trunks, counters of dog harness, straps, and golf-bags. Although the floor was well-worn, one could see that its covering had once been very attractive, for there was an area under the tables which still retained its original brilliance of color and design. Upon looking more closely, you could see several other protected spots where the linoleum seemed suddenly to begin; but, on the whole, the surface had been well removed by the tread of customers, trying to find something which pleased them. Especially well worn were the narrow paths, arriving from the various sections of the store and having a general confluence near the door. Directly in front of the door the condition had reached a climax. There, the edge of the linoleum was bordered with a narrow fringe of the matted cord which had served as a base for the surface covering, and one saw that the floor was made of hard pine. The dried-up proprietor near the window gasped a "Good evening."

"Good evening, you old vegetable," was the reply. "I left two bags here

this morning: one because I didn't want to carry it, and the other because it needed a new zipper." The bags were nervously brought forward.

"Please clear away a space here on the counter. I want to shift half the weight to the empty bag." Alfred opened both bags on the counter, distributed the clothing equally, then halted. The proprietor was wrong. He acted wrong. He had something on his mind. Maybe he suspected. Alfred felt obliged to answer the man's look: "No, I am not eloping—not with two. What would I do with two, anyway?" That didn't seem to answer the question. Alfred was puzzled. The proprietor hadn't asked anything anyway, but why that strange look on his face? He jerked his hands. He was sweating. It isn't so hot here," Alfred continued.

"No, it isn't so hot here now," was the reply.

Alfred decided he wasn't conversational and soon left. The smell of shellac and varnishes reminded him of something: 'Why, I didn't pay him! He didn't even ask me to.' Alfred dropped both bags, hurried up the stairs, threw open the door. There he was facing a polished gun.

III

"Come right in," said the gun-man, turning his weapon on Alfred, who exclaimed:

"Why, I've seen you before. You wanted a rocking chair in the restaurant tonight. Where's your satellite?"

"Don't know what's a satellite. Guess I lost it if I had one."

"I mean the midget, your pal, the caddy."

"O, you mean Pluto. He's behind there, keeping the clerk. Pluto's got a gat, too. If you hadn't of come back, he would only have to watch *one*. Now he'll watch *two*."

"O Pluto, here's another customer for you!" Alfred, the clerk, and the proprie-

tor were ceremoniously herded into a spacious closet, and the closet door was guarded by the midget.

"Why didn't you bring back the police with you?" whispered the proprietor to Alfred.

"I didn't catch on that you are being robbed."

"You've met them before, have you?"

"Yes, the little one stole my golf clubs."

"Then he'll probably shoot you so that you won't be able to identify him afterward. He's vicious. He told me he'd shoot me in the back if I gave them away when you came in."

"Well, you did give them away. I didn't pay you a cent for them."

"You're right. I must have had something else on my mind. I'll accept your money now," offered the proprietor, desiring more the money than attempting to make himself clear to Alfred.

"We ought to do something," suggested the clerk in a whisper.

"Yes, let's beat them up!" responded the enthusiastic Alfred. "You take the midget, and I'll take the thick-lips."

"Why the little one for me?"

"O, maybe you're not getting a bargain. He probably knows jiu-jitsu; they do in the movies."

"Well, let's wait our opportunity."

Alfred was willing to wait. He was already in Africa. The pattern of the floor clearly was a map of Africa. In his mind Alfred was making his way up the Congo. Dense jungle surrounded him. His black paddlers worked furiously. Alfred was being pursued. They were gaining on him, but presently Alfred's boat glided smoothly into a beautiful country, quite like the Connecticut Valley. "Africa is too large," he said aloud and flushed with pleasure at the attention aroused in the clerk by his seemingly irrelevant mention of that romantic land.

"Stick to the point," cautioned the proprietor.

"All right, I'll work on it." Alfred took out another sandwich and applied his facile mind for three whole seconds and then presented his plan: "We must outwit them. They would naturally expect us to attack them if possible. Therefore, we must attack each other. When they rush in to investigate the disturbance, we can suddenly turn on them. Here's for a starter!" and so saying, Alfred struck the clerk violently on the side of the head, rubbing the sandwich over his face with the other hand. There was immediate confusion. The door opened. The struggle shifted. Alfred found himself holding with both hands the jerking wrist of a hand that held a gun. It was the thick-lipped one. The thrashing pair crashed through the glass-paneled door, worked their way part way down the stairs. . . . The gun points downward. There is a row. Alfred is surprised. He lets go. "It's real," he sobs. "My toe hurts!"

His opponent dashed on down the stairs, halted at the smell of turpentine

and paint, and disappeared for a moment. Alfred sat sobbing on the stair, realizing he had lost out this time. He watched stupidly and with vague interest as the thick-lipped fellow appeared at the foot of the stairs with cases and bottles of turpentine. Many cases were hurriedly brought in and dumped at the foot of the stairway. A match is struck.

Alfred is in deep despair. Absently he takes out another tearful sandwich. The blood flows from his foot. It forms a pool—much like the map of Australia. "Will my blood boil?" he wonders. "I've got to get out of here. I'll escape over the roof of the next building. That's what they do in the movies. I'm so tired. It's getting too hot now. I hear music. It's the birds chirping. No, it's 'Blue Rocking Chair.' No, it's not a triangle: it's the clang of fire engines.' Wish I were going—but I'm already here! Wish Iris were here. She loves me. She'd know what to do. Women are smart. They can help you. Do something for yourself, Alfred! Paging *deus ex machina!*"

A. L. FULLERTON, '40.

LATIN SCHOOL BOYS

Tufts

From Tufts comes news that our reputation there is being ably sustained by Francis M. Killion and Donald W. Drew. Their names have appeared on the Freshman Honor Roll for the first semester. Donald Drew was graduated from Latin School in 1939. Francis Killion, class of '38, was manager of the football team that year. At Tufts, too, he has shown himself to be as popular as he is brilliant. He is a pledgee of Gamma Beta Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega, one of the nine national fraternities having chapters at Tufts.

University of Vermont

Yes, our boys even get as far as Burlington. A report has just come that

Everett J. Burlando, '38, a participant in the Tercentenary Pageant of '35, has recently been promoted to the rank of Color Sergeant in the basic course in military sciences and tactics, which he is now studying.

Technology.

Those who have received Hayden Scholarships are Russell J. Bowen, '35; Cyril H. Brown, '39; Seymour G. Epstein, '39; Joseph E. Picardi, '39, captain of the 2nd Company 1st Regiment in his graduating year; Sydney Siegel, '39, a three-time winner of the Classical Award and twice winner of the Modern Prize; and John F. Farrell, '39, one of our Class Day Committeemen in '39.

EULOGY ON THE STREETCAR CONDUCTOR

To the prospective Reader:

The purpose of this essay is to defame the domineering streetcar conductor. I am not going to characterize all conductors, but will vent my vitriolic outburst on those who make life unbearable.

I have no idea where the term "conductor" originated, but will advance a theory of my own. The title was probably introduced in the days when the electric streetcar was in an experimental stage and the driver was the hardy soul who "conducted" all stray bits of electricity which resulted from short circuits, poor wiring, etc. In this age of streamlining, the officials of the car company have followed the trend of modernization by abolishing the familiar term —conductor. To add mystery and a touch of glamor, they have created the romantic term—*operator*. I refuse to use this odd creation. But whether "conductor" or "operator," the species may be divided into four categories.

A. The first general type is the short, meek, stentorian-voiced individual who operates his vehicle with the utter abandon that was displayed in the driving of the French Revolutionary tumbrils. His jarring stops and neckbreaking starts create inestimable chaos among the panic-stricken rabble that crowd that racing "Death Chariot". This type of conductor never stops at the designated spot, but deposits his quivering victims in a tiny lake or smothering snow bank. He thunders the names of the dumping points in such a powerful roar that the entire car shakes and no one knows what he has uttered. He glares at the new victims so vehemently that they fumble guiltily for the fare and never dare to ask for change.

B. The second type is the tall, gawky, moody fellow who always seems to be in a protracted day-dream. This type

of conductor rarely announces the names of the stops and is always off-schedule. When he does allow us of the rabble to hear his melifluous voice, he gargles his vowels so that the innocent stranger is hopelessly stranded. He dreams along slowly; then suddenly, with a burst of speed that would do credit to a Sunday driver, he races for the next stop. The unfortunate victims are hurled pell-mell down that long abyss to the end of the car, where they lie in a huge mountain of stray arms, legs, and pitiful groans. Regardless of the carnage he has caused, our friend snaps the door shut on the last victim and almost commits new homicide. With the speed of his departure, the victim is spun about as if by a giant's fist and is left in a pitiful heap.

C. The third type is the nondescript, mustachioed creature, who can never be approached for a transfer. If asked for one, he begins to cross-examine the unoffending person in the browbeating manner of a movie District Attorney. He drives his "cattle car" very slowly during the rush hour and is the object of many black looks. Audible murmurs pertaining to "lynchin's" can be heard, but our hero gazes longingly at his foul briar and retains his snail's pace.

D. The last type is the shaggy, toothless, melancholy animal who puts a damper on the high spirits of the rabble in his dog-wagon. When the paroled schoolchildren push their way into his golden chariot, he makes some contemptuous remark pertaining to "Those schoolbrats". This replica of the "Corsican Ogre" causes the poor bewildered Sixth Classmen of B.L.S. to lose a few years' growth. This type is a menace to society and should be exiled to a desert isle, where he may glower and grumble to the mournful sea-gulls.

MANUS SOCIORUM

"The Ides of March have come," according to our club secretary's report. He was being complimented for writing the date of our meetings in Latin; then we learned that he wanders up to 306, where Mr. Glover each day inscribes Kalends and Ides and Nones, as the case may be, upon his blackboard. Well, secretary, that's one way to get a date!

AS WE WENT TO PRESS it seemed quite certain that the lads who had acquired tickets for the Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Schools Symphony Orchestra were in for a rare treat. The billboards have a debate scheduled for the same place and time. Voices combined with an orchestra create an oratorio; e.g. *The Creation* or *The Messiah*. More than likely the auditors will hear a new one with a title such as *The Plight of the Potato Farmer* to the tune of *Turkey in the Straw*. For that matter, maybe they've got something there.

BUT, SERIOUSLY, our musicians do deserve a great big vote of thanks. This department has heard lavish words in their favor after such appearances as *Parents Night* in December and our own *Holiday Exercises* in February. And the individual stars of the trumpet, Brothers Doren and Kerdiehus, to name but two, have established at once a reputation and a quality for their *manus sociorum*.

THE GREAT AMERICANS, Washington and Lincoln, fell heir to eulogies in offerings by the president of the Senior Class and our essayists for the day. By precedent of tradition, Walter Hoar, as leader of the class, read George Washington's ever-timely "Farewell Address". Irving Rudman delivered his original essay on Abraham Lincoln, while John J. Connolly read his thesis

on the deeds of Washington. Classes III, IV, V and VI were witness to Rand Manning's one-act drama, which will be found reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

ARTISTS AWAKE. Take a stroll down to the main bulletin board and see the exciting poster advertising a certain operetta about an emperor of Japan about whom the Glee Club is going to sing. We shan't mention the name of it just so that it will be a surprise!

HUMANIZING the mechanical mysteries of mathematical intrigue was the interesting, illuminating lecture by Professor Ransome of Tufts College delivered before a meeting of the Mathematics Club. Some of the club members so enjoyed the words of their 'Apostle of the Square Root' that they might follow him next year to Medford Hillside to hear more and regularly. The mere fact that they might encounter exams are nothing, not when lectures are so easy to remember for their interest.

PERSISTENT PEDDLER of words, Rand Manning, gave readings about the great land we live in as revealed in the works of Thomas Wolfe. The noble apostrophes to a noble democracy are soul-stirring and inspiring. We best liked the line concerning the young men of America who "believe in love and victory and think that they can never die."

OCCUPATION for a B.L.S. master without a busy "home life" will be to fill the vacancy created by the enforced (by a certain young daughter) abdication of our Mr. (210) Gordon from the leadership of the B.L.S. tennis team. It is with regret, he rues, and after serving for six years, to resign. We countered "You served for six years and couldn't get one over the net?" But he didn't

care for that one very much either. But, nevertheless, there's a job for the classified ads.

SIGN ON A DOOR opening off the central cross-corridor on the third floor reads "Dramatics Club Office. Business Hours—12:30 to 12:45 p.m." Inside (we have peeked) it is furnished like an Elizabethan dungeon. To tell the truth, the walls are sections of scenery from previous shows by the club, the furniture likewise; and the penholders, candlesticks, and what-nots are sca-

venged from anywhere. Sidlauskas charges an admission fee of two pins to see Manning write a play. They split.

AT CLUB KEYHOLES: The Art Club has gained a new president in the person of Charles R. Khirallah of Class II. He ought to make his term in office memorable; for the "R" stands for Raphael—the artist who gave a "soul" to painting. . . . All of the hockey team was able to play a part of the E.I.S. contest, last in the series at the Arena.



BROADCAST

It was early evening in New York, and the "Mazda Milky Way" had just begun to twinkle in the dusk of the evening. I had spent several days in New York, but I had never seen a radio studio in action. Procuring a ticket for a program that was having its premiere on my last evening in the metropolis, I went to the Radio City studio where the show was being held.

As I sat down, I heard the subdued murmur of the audience, which sounded like the muffled surf breaking upon the shore—now distant, now near. Beside me, an old lady, shabbily dressed, was nervously twisting her handkerchief in her labor-reddened hands. Her coat was a relic of the "Gay Nineties," and a nondescript hat partly covered her gray hairs. Her eyes, ordinarily age-weary, now sparkled with animation; her cheeks were flushed. My observations ceased when the announcer began to give instructions to the audience concerning the applause during the program.

The show began, and from the begin-

ning it was a success; but it wasn't until the new singer was announced that I really became interested. When he sang, it seemed as if God had implanted one of his Cherubim in this youth's throat. I had heard the expression "spellbound" before, but this was the first time I had ever realized its meaning. Needless to say, he was triumphant; the applause of the audience nearly tore down the studio. I was doing my bit, when I noticed that the old lady beside me was now crying; but through her tears a smile of joy shone forth. Sympathetically I said, "I know how you feel; for he has affected me the same way."

Ignoring my remarks, she began to speak through her sobs: "Now, he can do all the things he planned."

The meaning of her words suddenly dawned upon me, and I excitedly said: "You're his —!" and before I could finish, she interrupted.

"Yes, I am his landlady. Now, he will be able to pay his last six months' rent!"

ALVAN E. SILVER, '40.

EXCHANGES

The "Northeastern News" hath said:
 Confucious hath added
 —Elevator boy has good chance for
 raise.
 —Reason politicians make strange bed-
 fellows is because they all like same
 bunk.
 —Always give woman driver half the
 road—but first find out which half she
 wants.
 —Old quarrel between North and South
 no more except in bridge game.
 —Huntington Avenue look bad, but
 city find subway to fix it.

* * *

Moral

They told me not to study
 Nor sit up late and cram;
 They told me not to worry
 About passing my exam.

And so I did not study.
 Nor sit up late and cram.
 I didn't even worry;
 And I flunked in my exam.

* * *

There was a lad named Willie T-8,
 Who loved a lass named Annie K-8,
 He asked her if she'd be his M-8,
 But K-8 said W-8.
 His love for her was very gr-8
 He told her it was hard to W-8.
 And begged at once to know his F-8,
 But K-8 said W-8.
 Then for some time he grew sed-8
 But soon he hit a faster G-8.
 And for another girl went str-8,
 Now K-8 can W-8.

'Monsonia,' Monson, Mass.

* * *

I know a little history.
 Some verses, too, by heart.
 I know a little science,
 I know a little art.

I know a little Latin.
 I know a little Greek . . .
 He runs a little restaurant;
 I eat there every week.

* * *

A flea and a fly
 Were caught in a flu.
 Said the flea to the fly,
 "Let's flee."
 Said the fly to the flea,
 "Let's fly."
 So they flew thru the flaw
 in the flue.
 (Why did the fly fly?—
 Because the spider spider.)

Now try it fast—you'll be the life of
 the party with this little ditty.

* * *

We acknowledge with thanks the following publications:

Boys' High Tatler—Boys' High School,
 Atlanta, Georgia.
 Westfield High School Herald—West-
 field High School, Westfield.
 Record—Boston English High School.
 The Hilltop—Pembroke Country Day
 School, Kansas City, Mo.
 The Imp—Brighton High School.
 The Red and Black—Dorchester High
 School.
 Northeastern News—Northeastern Uni-
 versity.
 The Blue and Gold—Malden High
 School.
 The Brown and Gold—Haverhill High
 School.
 The North Star—North High School,
 Wichita, Kansas.
 The Quill—Jeremiah E. Burke School
 for Girls.
 Ulula—Manchester Grammar School,
 Manchester, England.

DOMINI NOSTRI MAGISTRIQUE



MR. TAYLOR teaches English in 335 . . . Born in 1877 . . . Married . . . One daughter . . . Attended Arlington High, where he played baseball . . . Came to B.L.S. from Girls' High in 1925 . . . Received his A.B. in 1900 from Harvard—his A.M. in 1931 from Boston University . . . Refused to mention his extra-curricular activities while at Harvard . . . His special interest is to write and edit books—"Vital English" used in this school; "Macbeth", studied by senior class, and one-volume encyclopedia and a modern dictionary . . . Spends summer in New Hampshire cabin built by himself . . . Dislikes passing out misdemeanor marks, but can't tolerate boys wearing hats in the building.



MR. JOHN FITZGERALD teaches Mathematics in 218 . . . Born 1894 . . . Graduated from Rockland High School . . . Played baseball and basketball . . . Received his A.B. in 1915 from B. C. . . Was a member of the debating team . . . Attended Boston Normal School in 1916 . . . Married? Yes!—two children . . . Lieutenant-Pilot in Royal Canadian Flying Corps (England) during World War . . . Attained his Ed.M from Boston Teachers College in 1933 . . . Came to B.L.S. as a substitute teacher in 1916 . . . Was appointed to faculty in 1920 . . . Spends summers at the beach boating and fishing . . . In charge of the School's First Aid.



MR. LORD teaches physics and general science in 322 . . . Born in 1894 . . . Came to B.L.S. in 1929 from Brockton High School . . . Attended Hopkinton (N. H.) High School . . . Took part in dramatics . . . Graduated with a B.S. degree from New Hampshire University in 1917 . . . Married . . . Two daughters . . . Was a cartoonist for New England papers and various magazines . . . Interested in art . . . A 2nd Lieutenant of Field Artillery during the World War . . . A 1st Lieutenant of Field Artillery in the Massachusetts National Guard from 1921-1927 . . . Spends his summers on his New Hampshire farm . . . 1931-1933 Acting Scout Executive of the North Shore Council of the Boy Scouts . . . Latest achievement: has written and illustrated book of scientific experiments for children, published by Appleton, 1940.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Jan. 22: In the past our readers have noticed that the R.R.R. has followed a strict policy of homatropic in regards to the codespearl manner in which the omi-trads are respered. In the future he intends to contrabu the alabonts and with this queboat in mind he respectfully reports that the assembly of Classes I, II, & — P.G.s on this date swerved in ermot concerning the becl-mite of higher education.

Jan. 23: S.O.S! S.O.S! Calling all candidates for the United States Coast Guard Academy: please report for preliminary training at the water fountain outside Room 108.

Jan. 24: Hockey game to-day with R.M.H.S. We won! . . . The R.R.R. would now also like to congratulate the Music Appreciation Club on its most interesting meetings. It truly deserves the title of "The First Club of the School". . . . If the school as a whole gave more attention to the M.A.C. and its accomplishments, it would profit greatly.

Jan. 25: For the benefit of those pupils who were absent to-day, the R.R.R. publishes the rules for indoor fire drills:

Fire, fire, fire drill,
Counter clockwise like a mill
Round the building, up the stairs.
Back to rooms, by pairs and pairs.

Jan. 26: Stamp, stamp, stamp! The Stamp Club had a meeting this afternoon. Huberman was elected President in place of a deserter who will not be mentioned at this time. . . .

Jan. 29: The R.R.R.'s conscience suffered when he heard that "He who slings mud loses ground."

Jan. 30: The Glee Club's trio—namely Jacobson, Bertolli, and Regan—held forth to-day at 2:40, we heard.

Jan. 31: Ooh, la, la! with an oom-pa-pa! French phonograph records at *Le Cercle Français* this afternoon. Do French singers really sound like that?

Feb. 1: We weren't allowed in, but we know that one of Latin's ultra-exclusive clubs, The Photographic Society, met to-day.

Feb. 2: Room 303 is creating competition with the REGISTER. A certain 'Publius' is publishing daily 'The Federalist', dealing with the vicissitudes of life in the school.

Feb. 5: The R.R.R. made his college choice to-day. For some reason, we're inclined to agree with Stephen Leacock—"Too Much College". Honest, Harvard, we're only kidding!

Feb. 6: Club meetings were postponed to make way for The Magician Show. The R.R.R. wishes the Magician could show him a way to pull new jokes out of a top hat.

Feb. 7: Every time E.H.S. is mentioned, we immediately see red. . . . No difference this time when we played them in hockey.

Feb. 12: Those Class I individual six-for-two-bits photographs came back

to haunt us to-day. After the pictures were publicly displayed, the third floor took on the atmosphere of a pr-pr- . . . I can't say it!! Even Devlin's talk on Browning in the Literary Club had the earmarks of "I can't understand it" (Browning, of course.)

Feb. 13: For a while it looked as if the Math Club was going to have a record attendance. But it merely was a result of having the History Club turned out of its old stamping ground (226-7), and so many of its members threatened a sit-down strike. It finally met in 206.

Feb. 14: At the French Club meeting, Marcus went into detail in explaining Gounod's "Faust" and its music. He then walked to the phonograph and with a flourish turned the first selection on . . . only to find the only needle on hand was broken.

Feb. 15: Hurrah for the weatherman! After getting up at 7:30 to listen to the "no school signal" on the radio, we all hurried outside to shovel our way to the

back-steps. However, after reaching the empty milk bottles, the R.R.R. gave it up and went back to sleep.

Feb. 16: "When words fail yuh." Outside of getting us in practice for a "walkathon," we should like to know why there was school to-day. All morning we ploughed our way through snowdrifts in order to reach school in time for lunch. We arrived at noon, and then after a short rest, we spent all afternoon trying to get home in time for supper.

Feb. 17 to 25: Another R.R.R. stereotype for the readers this month. . . .

It very nice,

Be plenty sleep:

Vacation is

Most rapture week.

This poetic gem was submitted by Dr. Osai Kan Usee, our Japanese poet. . . .

Feb. 26: Belated Washington-Lincoln exercises: Manning dramatized; Hoar eulogized; Class I looked surprised; the orchestra synchronized; and the audience sympathized.

YOU'RE NOT SO SMART

1. *In what year was the Assembly Hall renovated?*

1928 1932 1935 1936 1918 1924

2. *How many bulbs adorn the ceiling of the Assembly Hall?*

450 600 320 200 500 240 380 525

3. *Who was honorary master of the Class of 1938?*

Mr. Hobbs	Mr. Winslow
Mr. Glover	Mr. Faxon
Mr. Finn	Mr. Levine
Mr. Bowker	Mr. Pike
Mr. Marnell	

4. *How many members of last year's graduating class now attend Harvard?*

54 33 128 65 49 130 72 88 96

5. *In what year did the column "Our Lords and Masters" originate?*

1937 1935 1940 1939 1930 1900 1934

6. *Which of the following is played here but not officially recognized?*

Football Baseball

Hockey Track

Tennis Basketball

7. *What room is known as "The Workshop?"*

235 120 117 228 306 304 116 216 325

8. *Who was Captain of the B.L.S. football team in 1936?*

Koufman	Bjorklund
Dacey	Gorman

9. *What college recently lauded Latin School for the best scholarship record?*

Yale	Boston University
Harvard	Bowdoin

10. *Which of the following Latin School performances had the longest run?*

"The Key"	"The Tercentenary
"Taming of the Shrew"	Pageant"
	"Hamlet"

DID YOU KNOW THAT

. . . Five of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were graduates of the Boston Latin School . . .

. . . Four of our boys—namely, John Leverett, Samuel Langdon, Edward Everett, and Charles William Eliot—were presidents of Harvard University.

. . . Though the Latin School celebrated its three hundredth anniversary in the year 1935, nevertheless, the school had not been in operation for three hundred years. Due to British activities in Boston during the Revolutionary War, the Latin School was closed from April 19, 1775, until June 1776, a period of over a year.

. . . Though the early Latin School was a grammar school and though it instructed boys as young as nine or ten in the translation of difficult classical works, it did not teach the pupils how to write. Thus, each day, the students were compelled to attend not only the Boston Latin School, but also the South Writing School . . .

. . . It was not until more than a hundred and fifty years after the founding of the Latin School that girls were given an opportunity to educate themselves. At approximately the same time that this new step in education was taken a law was passed stating that one must reach the age of ten before entering

the Latin School. Previous to this children as young as seven had studied in this classical institute . . .

. . . Robert Treat Paine, author of "Common Sense," the famous pamphlet which fanned the spark of Independence into a glowing flame, was educated in the Boston Latin School . . .

. . . John Leverett, having then graduated from this school, went to England and gained military distinction fighting side by side with Cromwell. Later he was appointed Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

. . . A Latin School boy, Benjamin Franklin was the first foreign diplomat of the United States of America. A member of the first American Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, he concluded the Treaty of Alliance with France, a pact without which the Revolutionary cause might have been doomed. Later on, he signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain.

. . . Even before the Declaration of Independence, three of our boys—namely, William Stoughton, Jonathan Belcher, and John Leverett—had received the governorship of the colony of Massachusetts . . .

. . . The Boston Latin School was not the first public *High School* in America; English High has that distinction.

RIFLE CLUB

Of all the groups representing the Latin School in sports perhaps the least-known is the Rifle Club. This club holds forth at English High on Friday evenings and usually manages to hold its own in competition against its arch rivals, Commerce and English.

Recently a team composed mainly of the more inexperienced members of the club lost to perennially powerful English

after a stubborn battle. The scores of both teams are as follows.

	LATIN		ENGLISH
Collins	100	Grant	100
Curran	100	Rocke	100
Yanis	98	Schmuck	98
Sullivan	98	Yankauskas	97
Banus	95	Mabee	97
	—		—
Total	491	Total	492

HISTORY BOWS TO HISTRIONICS

"John Brown's Trial," the second production of the Boston Latin School Dramatics Club, written, directed, and designed by Rand Manning. Presented at two morning assemblies Tuesday, February 27, 1940 for the first times on any stage. The electrician in charge was Frank J. Stasulis. The cast was as follows:

Clerk of Court	<i>John J. Murphy</i>
Court Officer	<i>Daniel McDermott</i>
Mr. Gerrit, defense attorney	<i>Francis Sidlauskas</i>
Congressman Vallandigham	<i>William Philbrick</i>
Judge Parker	<i>Ralph Caputo</i>
Mr. Ewing, prosecutor	<i>Thomas Casey</i>
John Brown	<i>Rand Manning</i>
Court Attendant	<i>Alexander Courtney</i>
Joseph Brown	<i>Milton Woolfson</i>

Once again we applauded an ambitious work well carried out by our most public society, The Dramatics Club. "John Brown's Trial" is the record of the last hour in the life of the American hero of tolerance, who died but a few years before the cause for which he fought became a national issue and resulted in the Civil War.

Francis Sidlauskas, who is production manager for the Dramatics Club and usually concerned with the shows from the back-stage angle, was seen in an

important role which he played very convincingly—that of the young attorney who was bribed to remove any possibility of freedom for John Brown.

William Philbrick, last seen on our stage a year ago as Hortensio in "The Taming of the Shrew," played the sly Congressman with skill and a fine feeling for the lines.

Rand Manning as John Brown presented him as a lone figure fighting insurmountable odds only to give his life for his ideals. The characterization was well drawn and made a distinct emotional impression.

The play was performed in costume of the period and in a very striking setting, markedly different from the "bare stage" play, "The Key". This drama seemed to your reviewer to be of better quality than the former. Perhaps it was because it followed more closely the conventions we know.

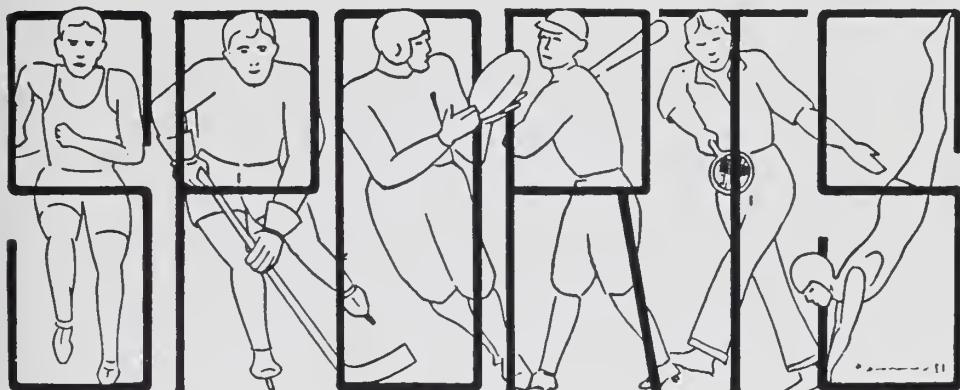
The few liberties that Manning took with historical fact were necessary (he says) in order to create a direct conflict within the time allotted.

At any rate, The Dramatics Club and Manning have two "hit" shows to their credit. We are waiting eagerly for their production of "The Ghost Train" scheduled for May.

Robert F. X. Callahan.

Answers to "You're Not So Smart" Quiz

1. 1932	100. Phi Beta Kappa
2. 320	90. Summa Cum Laude
3. Mr. Glover	80. Harvard! Fair Harvard!
4. 33	70. Room for improvement
5. 1937	60. Strive for a 70!
6. Tennis	50. Cum Fortuna
7. 117	40. The R.R.R. couldn't do better
8. Gorman	30. There are still a few more months
9. Bowdoin	20. Promotion doubtful
10. The Tercentenary Pageant	10. Try, try again!
	0. Sine Spe!



ENGLISH WINS, 2-0

Paced by Sarkis Malkasian, English tagged a 2-0 whitewashing on our willing but outplayed sextet in the final game of the season. The tilt, hard-fought all the way, was featured by Malkasian's two markers, the first of which came in the second stanza, when "Sarky" grabbed a loose disk, crossed the defense, and shot from 35 feet out. The rubber eluded Goalie John Kelly and slid unmolested into the draperies. The self-same Malkasian assumed the verdict near the end with a more noteworthy effort after taking a pass at the defense from Capt. "Pete" Clarke after the latter had made a fast break-away. By his outstanding work "Sarky" secured for Ohrenberger's lads the conference title and for himself the league's individual scoring championship. "Charley" O'Malley, minder of the English net, carried his unscored-upon record to a successful conclusion by a continuance of his excellent net guarding. The summary:

Kelly, g.; Rowen, r.d.; Casey, l.w.; Gardner, e.; Reid, r.w.; Mulhern, l.w.;

Spares—Boyle, Havey, Conroy, Cullen, Brennan, McDermott, Kineavey, Gill.

Score—English, 2.

First Period—Goals, none.

Penalties—Cullen (fighting), Rowen,

(tripping), major.

Second Period—Goals, Malkasian (unassisted), 4:45.

Penalties—none.

Third Period—Goals, Malkasian (Clarke), 9:25.

Penalties—Clushalin (cross-checking)
COLD FACTS

That first period was rough, and we do mean *rough*. There was much that the "refs" missed. . . . Heard—that our fallen goalie bites his fingernails. Fine thing! . . . The cries of the loyal Latin rooters certainly did not hinder the play of "Sarky" Malkasian. . . . Some one compared "Red Boyle" with "Red Horner of the N. H. L. Yes, both have red hair. . . .

LATIN-2 — MEMORIAL-0

Latin School won its first Boston Conference game of the season and via the shutout method, at that. The first two periods were uneventful except for penalties to "Bunny" Rowen and Herb Gardner. In the third stanza "Bob" Mulhern broke a scoreless deadlock with a clever backhand shot after faking a pass inside the defense from Rowen. Later in the same period "Red" Boyle stole the puck at the defense and passed to "Johnny" Cullen. A return pass set up Boyle, who scored with only ten seconds of play remaining.

The summary.

Kelly, g.; Casey, r.d.; Rowen, l.d.; Gardner, e.; Reid, r.w.; Mulhern, l.w. Spares—Boyle, Gill, McDermott, Cullen, Havey, Kineavey.

First Period: Goals—None.

Penalties: Rowen (tripping); Gardner (boardcheck).

Second Period: Goals—None.

Penalties: None.

Third Period: Goals—Mulhern (Rowen), 8:02; Boyle (Cullen), 9:50.

E.H.S. Wins Again

In the annual track meet between Latin and English, the Blue and Blue field event performers took a substantial 92-38 lead. By broad jumping 8'11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", Lynch took the only first for Latin in the Class A events. "Dick" Powers won second place in the shotput. In Class B the best that the Purple and White could do was a third by George Barr. In Class C Canner took a first in the broad jump, and Woolfson, a second in the shotput. However, in Class D, Latin gathered more than half of her points. Cashnear threw the shot 59' 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ " for an easy first; while Latin captured every place in the high jump, with Caploe taking a well-deserved first.

The Latin tracksters added 65 points to make a total of 104, while the English High performers amassed 139 for a total of 231. The outstanding event of the day was the Class A "1000". In this race "Joe" Carey took the lead at the start and kept ahead of his nearest rival, "Ed" Delaney, all the way. Harry Drake couldn't quite close the gap between himself and "Bob" Fisher of English in the "600" and had to be satisfied with a second. "Bill" Ellis copped the Class B "600" for Latin by over 10 yards. The Class C dash was very close, but Irving Canner came in first. In the Class D "176" Martin Greeley took a first, while the diminutive Paul McCargar came in third.

The summary:

CLASS A

50-yard hurdles—Won by Sanford Goldenberg, E.; second, Norman Campbell, L.; third, Joe Tolland, E.; fourth, Frank Cawley, E. Time—7s.

50-yard dash—Won by Thomas Clelland, E.; second, Richard Flaherty, E.; third, Sherwood Peacock, E.; fourth, Joe Manzel, E. Time—6s.

300-yard run—Won by Emil Shotgren, E.; second, Marco Accamando, E.; third, William Lenihan, L.; no fourth Time—37.8s.

600-yard run—Won by Bob Fisher, E.; second, Harry Drake, L.; third, Aldis Ridgley, E.; fourth, Eugene Peyton, E. Time—1m. 22.3s.

1000-yard run—Won by Joseph Carey, L.; second, Ed Delaney, E.; third, Gene Holland, E.; fourth, Walter, L. Time—2m. 30.6s.

Relay—Latin (Bill Lenihan, Lawrence Redgate, Norman Campbell, Dave Slatter) vs. English (Emil Shotgren, Thomas Clelland, Joe Adagna, Marco Accamando). Won by English. Time—1m. 23.8s. CLASS B

50-yard hurdles—Won by Warren Rhone, E.; second, Francis O'Keefe, E.; third, John Gallagher, E.; no fourth. Time—6.6s.

50-yard dash—Won by William Connolly, L.; second, Joe Farina, E.; third, George Meuse, E.; fourth, Brooks Homan, E. Time—5.8s.

300-yard run—Won by Bruce Henderson, E.; second, Francis Clougher, E.; third, Joseph McMarragh, E.; fourth, Alphonse Petkauskas, L. Time—37.8s.

600-yard run—Won by Bill Ellis, L.; second, Pete Nearhos, E.; third, Ralph Moir, E.; fourth, Garrett Ridgley, L. Time—1m. 24.1s.

Relay—English (Joe Farina, Francis O'Keefe, Warren Rhone, Tim Clougher) vs. Latin (Mike Petkauskas, Garrett Ridgley, William Kelley, James Keeley). Won by English. Time—1m. 28.8s.

CLASS C

50-yard hurdles—Won by Bob Jumper (E); second, John Cawley (E); third, John Kelly (L); fourth, John Martin (E). Time, 7s.

50-yard dash—Won by Irving Canner (L); second, Bill Lancaster (E); third, Joe Franklin (E); fourth, Paul Moran (E). Time, 6.2s.

220-yard run—Won by Harry Beiman (L); second, Larry Flanagan (E); third, Joe Sullivan (E); fourth, Ross Martin (L).

440-yard run—Won by Joe McDonnell (E); second, Jim Cusick (E); third, Fred Kelley (L); fourth, Morry Kline (E). Time, 60.8s.

Relay—Latin (Henry Beiman, John Shea, Fred Kelley, William Martin) vs. English (Larry Flanagan, Joe Franklin, William Lancaster, Joe Sullivan).—Won by English. Time, 1s. 26.1s.

CLASS D

50-yard hurdles—Won by Paul Sweeney (E); second, John Smith (L); third, Lou Mangaro (L); fourth, Clifton Wharton (L). Time, 7s.

50-yard dash—Won by Bob Fraktman (E); second, Sam Coppleman (L); third, Art Fegan (L); fourth, Gene Andrews (E). Time, 6s.

176-yard run—Won by Martin Greely (L); second, Cyril Applebaum (E); third, Paul McCargar (L); fourth, Bob Capasso (E). Time, 21.8s.

220-yard run—Won by Mel Hurwitz (E); second, Paul Laskin (L); third, Barrabee (L); fourth, Irv. Bobrick (E). Time, 27s.

Relay—Latin (Paul Laskin, Dick Corcoran, Paul McCarger, Martin Greeley) vs. English (Mel Hurwitz, Bob Fraktman, Paul Sweeney, Cyril Applebaum). Won by English. Time, 1m. 25.8s.

CLASS A

Shot—Won by Masterman, E.; second, Driscoll, E.; third, Powers, L.; fourth, tie between Collins, E., and Ridgley, E. Distance—39ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Running high jump—Won by Delaney, E.; second, Tolland, E.; third, Drake, L.; fourth, Shanahan, E. Height—5ft. 8in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Lynch, L.; second, Goldenberg, E.; third, Accamendo, E.; fourth, tie between Homan, E., and Earley, L. Distance—8ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

CLASS B

Shot—Won by Oranburg, E.; second, Albondi, E.; third, Holland, E.; fourth, Lee, L. Distance—53ft. 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.

Running high jump—Won by O'Keefe, E.; second, White, E.; third, Sutleff, E.; fourth, McKeon, E.; Height—5ft. 4in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Moir, E.; second, Farina, E.; third, Barr, L.; fourth, Ridgley, L. Distance—9ft. 3in.

CLASS C

Shot—Won by Chites, E.; second, Woolson, L.; third, Leavitt, E.; fourth, McAuliffe, E. Distance—46ft. 5 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.

Running high jump—Tie for first between Jumper, E., and Thompson, E.; third, tie between Cusick, E., and Kelley, L. Height—5ft. 3in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Canner, L.; second, Kline, E.; third, Santry, E.; fourth, Flanagan, E. Distance—8ft. 9 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.

CLASS D

Shot—Won by Coshnear, L.; second, Applebaum, E.; third, Frakmas, E.; fourth, Seminerio, E. Distance—59ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.





Daily little zeroes,
Formed by teacher's hand,
Make the little students
Flunk to beat the band.

* * *

Heard at a teacher's meeting:
"Did you like the cigar I gave you?
For 500 coupons of that brand you can
get a banjo."

"If I smoked 500 of those, I'd want a
harp."

* * *

Stude: "I have a cold or something in
my head."

Prof.: "A cold undoubtedly."

* * *

"Great Scott, I've forgotten who
wrote *Ivanhoe*."

"I'll tell you if you tell me who the
Dickens wrote *A Tale of Two Cities*."

* * *

Prof.: "Are you wearing spectacles,
Jones?"

Jones: "Yes, through crossword
puzzles, I've contracted an optical de-
fect. One eye travels vertically and the
other horizontally."

* * *

Teacher: "What have you found out
about the salivary glands?"

Freshman: "Not a thing! they're so
secretive."

Lunehroom Gossip:
"Are you getting soup?"
"Is it good soup?"
"Yes, 14-carrot."

* * *

Prof.: "What is the cause of cancer?"
Smith: "I did know, sir, but I've for-
gotten."

Prof.: "What a pity! The only man
that ever knew the cause of cancer, and
he's forgotten it."

* * *

"What did you do with my shirt?"
"I sent it to the laundry; why?"
"Ye gods, the whole history of Eng-
land was on the cuffs."

* * *

Lieutenant (inspecting private):
"What are you doing with your socks on
wrong-side out?"

Private: "My feet got hot, and I
turned the hose on them."

* * *

Soph.: 7 A.M. "Y'up?"

Roommate: "Yup."

* * *

Frosh: "Got something in your eye?"

Senior: "No, I'm just trying to look
through my thumb."

* * *

Heard among the teachers: "You're a
one-cylinder golfer."

"How's that?"

"You putt, putt, putt."

THE CABOOSE

The Caboose was snow-bound for a while somewhere out between Ashmont and Lake Street (take your pick; they used shovels), and a few of the occupants got to chatting. It went something like this:

"I never thought the School would break down before I would, but did you hear that Mr. Mahan has gone out to Hollywood?"—"To make a movie about education," another said.—"No. He's taking courses at U.S.C. He said something about getting a hunk of Orson Welles' beard for the jokes in the REGISTER."

"He's not the only one," another said. "Mr. Keady, the German teacher, is going out to Rozzie. Maybe we ought to send Rozzie a letter. He used to be fussy about punctuation, so we called him the 'Umlaut King'; but he tried to be fair and always had your tests back almost the same day. Only they'll break up 101, and the poor mouse down there'll be all alone."

"Yeah, it used to come out and listen to the recitations. I heard Mr. Callanan is going to act in a play. And Mr. Pennypacker is in it, too. They're going to put it on in B.L.S. for us."—"What is it?"—"Oh, it's about a kid who cheats, only they make it a howl. Called 'What a Life!' Did you hear what one rheumatism said to the other?"—"No."—"It said, 'Get out of this joint'. Charlie told me that one."

"Well, Confucius say, 'He who has joke on tip of tongue will soon have gag in mouth'—If you know what I mean."

"The janitors told me that the school really keeps the clock a few minutes slow so that the kids can get in with time to

spare."

"Yeah. I was sitting down the boiler-room listening to their radio when I noticed it. I don't believe it, though."

"Say, did you know Mr. Pennypacker has read all thirty-two of the comedies of Moliere?"

"Thanks. I'll need that to pass French with him. . . . Wonder how Mr. Wilbur ever got in here from Ashland the day of the storm. He raises apples in his back yard."

"Sure. And I raise plums on every test."

"Look. They've cleared the tracks off. Now we gotta go back to school. Oh, I hear they are only cleared off down to Park Street. Let's take in a movie. Maybe we'll see Mr. Mahan."

* * *

The whispers have it that young "Johnny" Kineavy deserves the Silver Skates. *Entendez, M. Fitzgerald?* The lads are pulling on the narrow stripes now for baseball practice. . . . Don't tell a Senior; but Steve Stavro, the intrepid cameraman, is taking candid shots of all B.L.S. clubs to feature in the 1940 Yearbook. He promises (O.K.ed by Business Adviser, Mr. Wengers) that pictures will be so arrestingly different as to put the Latin School Yearbook ahead of them all. . . . Mr. McGuffin found two nickels in the Phone "Change-Return" slot on the first floor. ONE of them was his, but the other is yours if you can tell him what day he found it. That, dear reader, was the only way he could get a line in for the Chess and Checker Club. So there! . . . See you next month. . . . same place . . . same magazine!



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